

WILLIAMS & BROTHER,
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Practice in the Courts of Shenandoah,
Rockingham, Page, Frederick and War-
renton counties, and in the Court of Appeals
of Virginia and in the United States Dis-
trict Court.

Special attention given to the collection
of claims. May 15, '94.

ALEXANDER & WUNDER,
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Attorneys-at-Law,
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Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah
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preme Court of Appeals, and in the Cir-
cuit and District Courts of the United
States.

Special attention in collection of claims.
Oct. 20, '91.

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Oct. 20, '91.

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Special attention in collection of claims.
Oct. 20, '91.

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Attorneys-at-Law,
FRONT ROYAL, VA.

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on Court day or at any other parties may
wish.

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Dentist,
WOODSTOCK, VA.

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House. Terms Cash. May 2-12.

DR. T. F. LOUKE,
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TOM'S BROOK, VIRGINIA.

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25 years (over 20 in this city) of suc-
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WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.

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Fifteenth annual session Term begins
SEPTEMBER 15th, 1896.

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Shenandoah Herald.

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No. 48 " Pains in the Vagina.
No. 49 " Pains in the Cervix.
No. 50 " Pains in the Perineum.
No. 51 " Pains in the Anus.
No. 52 " Pains in the Rectum.
No. 53 " Pains in the Sigmoid Colon.
No. 54 " Pains in the Descending Colon.
No. 55 " Pains in the Ascending Colon.
No. 56 " Pains in the Cecum.
No. 57 " Pains in the Ileum.
No. 58 " Pains in the Jejunum.
No. 59 " Pains in the Duodenum.
No. 60 " Pains in the Pancreas.
No. 61 " Pains in the Spleen.
No. 62 " Pains in the Liver.
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No. 84 " Pains in the Bladder.
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No. 96 " Pains in the Jejunum.
No. 97 " Pains in the Duodenum.
No. 98 " Pains in the Pancreas.
No. 99 " Pains in the Spleen.
No. 100 " Pains in the Liver.

A Brother's Sacrifice.

BY STANLEY HOWARD.

I was leaning against the railing
in the park, enjoying a cigar and
watching the carriages as they
passed. It was the fashionable
hour, and this was a favorite oc-
cupation of mine. Had I been
younger, I might possibly have in-
dulged in a dream of the time
when riches and luxury should be
mine, when the inner circle of so-
ciety should be my world; but I
was no longer young. At sixty,
one is contented with sufficient
wealth to live in comfort, and I
was contented with it so, at least.

There was a block for two or
three minutes, and the occupants
of the carriage which was stand-
ing just in front of me arrested my at-
tention. There were two ladies and
a gentleman—husband and wife
and daughter I took them to be. The
man, who was about my age, was
exceedingly good-looking, and the
young lady was pretty, but it was
the elder lady who particularly in-
terested me. Her hair was quite
white and her face pale, but so
handsome, and so exquisitely
sweet in expression, that in a mo-
ment my old brain was weaving a
romance about her. Many people
looked at the carriage and several
boxed. Evidently the occupants
were people well known.

"You seem interested," said a
man, touching my arm, as the
carriage moved on.

"Yes," I answered, shortly. I
have a rooted aversion to entering
into conversation with strangers.

The man looked at me curiously,
with a smile upon his face. He
was tall and thin, only fairly well
dressed, and there were deep lines
under his eyes and about his mouth.

"I have been looking for you for
two months past," he said.

"For me? You have made a mis-
take, I think."

"You have changed little, Mr.
Hargrave; I must have changed
much, or you would remember me."

"Certainly I have forgotten you,"
I said, politely, hearing his call
me by name.

"Robert Denmore?"

"For a moment I was silent—
Denmore?"

"Of course—yes! We met in
Vienna, didn't we?"

He nodded and we shook hands.

"Vienna—twenty years ago," I
said. "How time flies! What have
the years brought to you?"

"A living death," was the strange
answer.

I looked inquiringly at him.

"True," he said. "Come to my
rooms and renew our old friend-
ship. I haven't a friend left in the
world except you; and I cannot let
you go now I have found you. I
have been looking for two months
—two months—two months to-
morrow, I can fix the time to an
hour."

Robert Denmore had always
puzzled me—he puzzled me now.
As I walked home with him, my
mind slipped back twenty years.
He and I had met in Vienna, and
finding our tastes agreed, had
traveled about together for a few
months. We became very good
friends, but he told me little about
himself. He seemed to have done
with the past altogether, and
thought very little about the fu-
ture. I remember him saying
once, "I never think about what I
did yesterday; I don't care what
happens to-morrow; to-day is all
I trouble myself about," and he
carried this system of existence to
such an extent that arrangements
were often upset. No doubt there
was a secret in his past life, but I
found him an interesting com-
panion, and his secret did not con-
cern me.

and smoked.

"It does me good to see you
again," he said. "The fact of the
matter is, that I want to tell you a
story. Were you never curious
about me in the old days?"

"Yes, often."

"Well, I want to tell you my
history. I was a disappointed man
then; I am a broken-down one
now, without friends, almost with-
out money. Oh! I am not going to
borrow. You remember when I
left you and returned to England?"

"I do, and you promised to look
me up in London, which promise
you never kept."

"No; but you received a letter
from me telling you that I was
going abroad?"

"Yes."

"That letter was a lie. I have
not been out of the country since.
I knew I was not going when I
wrote that letter."

He spoke as if the statement
was the key-note to his whole his-
tory. His manner quite startled
me.

"You wonder why I took the
trouble to tell you a lie? Well, I
wanted to be forgotten; I did not
want you to try to find me."

"And yet you have spent the last
two months looking for me," I
said.

"I don't want to be forgotten
any more. I want to have a friend
in the world to talk to."

He was silent for a moment and
relied his pipe.

"There were two of us," he said;
"two boys. I was the elder by ten
minutes, and we were born three
months after our father's death.

We grew up great friends, as twins
often are, and yet we were very
different. I developed into a quiet,
studious grave-faced youngster. I
was slow at learning, slow of
speech, and nobody's favorite. My
brother, Richard, on the contrary,
was bright, clever; even as a boy
his conversation was accounted
brilliant. He could do anything
and everything, was full of fun
and laughter, and generous and
thoughtless to a fault. Richard
Denmore was petted by everybody.

When we were about sixteen my
mother died. I remember the night
before her death as if it were
yesterday only.

"You are my eldest boy, Robert,"
she said, taking my strong hand
in her feeble one. "You are, per-
haps, not so clever, naturally, as
Richard, but you have got balance,
which he has not. Richard troubles
me often."

"Everybody likes him, mother," I
answered.

"That makes all the more dan-
gerous, and I want you, Robert, to
look after Richard."

"I shall always love him!"

"And you will help him?"

"Yes, always."

"More than once that night she
made me repeat the promise, and
took an oath, little knowing what
the oath meant."

"Time passed, and we both got
on well. Had, perhaps, the most
money, but then I did not go out
as much as Richard did, and he
gave away more than I did, too.

"The humdrum round of my
daily life was suddenly disturbed—
pleasantly so. Alice Eversham
came into it, and from the first
moment I saw her I loved her. I
had never even cared about a wo-
man before; had never even, as a
boy, had a preference for one of
the pupils at the seminary for
young ladies we passed every
morning on our way to school. For
a long time I loved in silence. I
feared to put my fate to the test,
and when I plucked up my cour-
age to ask Alice to be my wife I
was too late. She was kind and
gentle, but her 'no' was final.

"But, Alice, I will wait. You
will change—you must change,"
I said, in my despair.

"I shall never change."

"Who is she—the other man?"

"I cannot tell you that. A wo-
man does not confess her love for
a man before that man has asked
her."

"Life has been black enough for
me many times, heavens knows,
but never so black as it was then.
It is the one great passion I have
known, and it has made me what
I am today."

"A week later Richard bounced
into my room one night, threw
himself in an easy chair, and be-
gan to laugh.

"Got the blues, Robbie?"

"No."

"Well, congratulate me. I'm the
happiest fellow in the world. I
want you to be my best man. I'm
going to be married!"

"Married?"

"After dinner that night we sat

"Yes, I am caught at last—the
dearest girl living. You know her
well."

"Who is it?"

"Alice Eversham."

"I sprang from my chair and
brought my clenched fist down
upon the table. Blind rage took
possession of me for a moment."

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "What's
the matter? Are you in love with
her, too?"

"No; I was thinking," I answered,
stupidly.

"If you think like that often you
will smother all your furniture.
Come, tell me the truth, Robbie.
You are in love with Alice your-
self. I cannot blame you. Anyway,
she will be your sister, old fellow."

"His words were intended as a
consolation, but they were sad-
dening. It was only afterwards,
when I became sane enough to
think calmly, that I felt Richard
had said much right to happiness as
I had. We both loved her, and
she loved me. It was all fair, honest
dealing; I could not complain.

"Richard's wedding day was a
torment."

Good-by, Robbie! Alice said
just before they went away. "You
forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive," I
answered.

"And you wish me happiness?"

"With all my heart," I said. "W-
shall not see much of each other
Alice in the future; it is better
not; but remember, I am your
brother—more, your friend. If
you should ever want me, send
for me."

"When we come back I shall
send for you at once, she answer-
ed, merrily.

"And I shall not come. In trou-
ble you shall find me ready, but
otherwise I shall be out of reach.
I leave England to-morrow, and I
do not know when I shall return."

"I shall have to get into trouble
quickly," she said. "Good-by!"

"I left England and wandered
about, trying to forget. Alice had
been married ten years when I
first met you, Hargrave, and
during that time I did not see
her, but I heard constantly from
Richard and begged myself
almost in helping him. He did not
seem to have an idea of the value
of money—spent it as if there were
no limit to his income.

"It was a letter I received from
Alice which made me leave you so
suddenly. Richard was again in
serious difficulty, and she wrote to
me without his knowledge, he hav-
ing told her then for the first time
how often I had helped him before
saying that he could not ask me
again. I went to her, and found
matters about as bad as they could
be. Richard was desperate and
half-shattered to see me. By a ter-
rible struggle, and pledging my
credit to the utmost limit, I man-
aged, as I thought, to set him
straight. I believe Alice would
have gone down upon her knees
to thank me had I let her; and
Richard thanked me, too, but did
not seem quite at ease. I was glad
to get away from them, and I
made arrangements to leave Eng-
land again. To be perfectly truth-
ful, my resources were so reduced
that I meant to settle in some con-
tinental town where living was
cheap. All my preparations were
made, when I received a telegram:

"Come to me at once. Alice."

"Wondering what new complica-
tion had arisen for I could read
trouble in the message—I went."

"Alice was alone."

"Robert said, clenching my
arm, and there was a look of hor-
ror in her eyes, 'Is it true?'"

"Is what true?"

"That Richard is a thief?"

"No. Who has said so?"

"We were dining out last night,
and I overheard two men talking
about Richard. They were surpris-
ed to see him there. One of them
said distinctly that he had com-
mitted forgery with regard to some
company matter, and was liable
to be arrested at any moment."

"Nonsense, Alice! You are mis-
taken."

"They mentioned his name—R.
Denmore. Oh, Robert! I have been
brave through my troubles—heav-
ens knows I have—but if this is
true it will kill me."

"Did these men appear to know
Richard well?" I asked.

"No. They heard his name, and
then began to talk."

"Have you said anything to
Richard about it?"

"No. I ought to do it but I am a
coward, and dare not. If it is all
a lie he would never forgive me
for doubting him. If it is true—
Robert, you once promised to al-
ways be my friend—you must

save him, for my sake and my
child's."

"I am always your friend, I an-
swered, taking her hand in mine.
I will find out all about this story
It is all a mistake, probably; and
if not, there is more than one R.
Denmore, for instance."

"I was terribly afraid that the
story was true, but I spoke to
lessen her anxiety. The look of a
startled hare came into her eyes,
but I did not think about it until
afterwards. How the men Alice
overheard obtained their informa-
tion I do not know, but it was in
substance true. A heartless fraud
had been committed, and appar-
ently by R. Denmore, I was help-
less. What could I do? And then
Alice's words and look took pos-
session of me. I think for a few
days I was almost mad. I need not
tell you how, link by link, the chain
of evidence was forged—I helped
to forge it myself. It was easy. The
fact of my preparations for leav-
ing England, the uncertainty of
my destination, my pledged credit—

"I was arrested, tried, convicted.
There was no mercy for the man
who, by a heartless fraud, had
brought ruin and destruction to
many—death by suicide to more
than one, I was sentenced to
twenty years' penal servitude.

"Two months ago to-morrow I re-
ceived my liberty."

He stopped—his tale was told.

"Denmore!" I exclaimed, starting
to my feet. "You did this for a
brother's sake?"

"No; for the sake of the woman
I loved."

"It was a monstrous folly. It was
wicked."

"It is over."

"And your brother?"

"He remained silent—has been
silent ever since. Things have
prospered with him—fortune is
his. Twenty years is a long time
to remember. He has quite for-
gotten me."

"Second! And his wife?"

"I do not know, Hargrave, but
I think she must have believed me
guilty. You see, the evidence
against me was very strong."

"I was silent. Presently Denmore
took some papers from his pocket.
I saw this in a ship window
yesterday, and bought it," he said
handing me a photograph. "On
it was printed, 'Hon. Richard
Denmore and wife.' He has be-
come famous! Do you recognize
the picture?"

"Then I remembered the occupants
of the carriage in the park."

"I think I have kept my oath,
Hargrave."

"I took his hand and pressed it,
but I did not speak. A lump was
in my throat, and words would
not come.—The Home Queen."

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.
The intense itching and smarting in-
cident to these diseases is instantly allayed
by applying Chamberlain's Eye and
Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases
have been permanently cured by it. It
is equally efficient for itching piles and
a favorite remedy for sore nipples,
chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites
and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders are
just what a horse needs when in bad
condition. Tonic, blood purifier and
vermifuge. They are not food but
medicine and the best in use to put a
horse in prime condition. Price 25
cents per package.

"Step right in ladies and gen-
tlemen," cried the showman; "step
right in and see the educated pug
and abstrait."

"Pshaw!" interrupted Farmer
Beckwith; "My old hog at home
has got way over to square root."

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
Cures Piles, Scalds, Burns.

Mrs. Wiggles—Doesn't your
husband suffer dreadfully with
rheumatism?

Mrs. Wiggles—Yes, but it's
nothing to what the rest of us
have to endure.

Don't Neglect Your Liver.
Liver troubles quickly result in serious
complications, and the man who neglects his
liver has little regard for health. A bottle
of Brown's Iron Bitters now and then will
keep the liver in perfect order. If the dis-
ease has developed, Brown's Iron Bitters
will cure it permanently. Strength and
vitality always follow its use. For sale by
all Dealers.

Thine own friend and thy
father's friend forsake not.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The health-
giving
is an
every
day
medicine.

CUT OFF IN YOUTH.

REV. DR. TALMAGE GIVES CONSO-
LATION TO BEREAVED PARENTS.

While He Admits That a Long Life Is
Pleasant in Some Cases, He Shows That
It Is Often a Gain to Die Young.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—From an un-
usual standpoint Dr. Talmage offers
consolation to the loss of children, and
this sermon must be a balm for many
wounds. His text is Isaiah lvi, 1. "The
righteous is taken away from the evil to
come."

We all spend much time in panegyric
of longevity. We consider it a great
thing to live to be an octogenarian. If
any one dies in youth, we say, "What a
pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg, in old age,
said that the hymn written in early life
by his own hand, no more expressed his
sentiment when it said:

I would not live away.
If one be pleasantly circumstanced,
he never wants to go. William Cullen
Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of
age, standing in my house in a fatal
group, reading "Thanatopsis" without
spectacles, was just as anxious to live
as when at 18 years of age he wrote
that immortal threnody. Cato feared at
80 years of age that he would not live
to learn Greek. Monaldesco, at 115
years, writing the history of his time,
feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writ-
ing a book at 90 years of age, was an-
xious to live to complete it. Thunroff
at about 90 years of age found life an
agony of despair as when he snuffed
out his first politician, Albert Barnes,
so well prepared for the next world at
70, said he would rather stay here. So
it is all the way down. I suppose that
the last time that Methuselah was out
of doors in a storm he was afraid of get-
ting his feet wet lest it shorten his
days.

Indeed I sometimes ago preached a
sermon on the blessings of longevity.
But I now propose to preach to you
about the blessings of an abbreviated
earthly existence. If I were an agnostic,
I would say a man is blessed in propor-
tion to the number of years he can stay
on terra firma, because after he can
fall off the docks, and if he is ever
picked out of the depths it is only to
be set up